Spes Hunſdoniana:

A

POEM

ON THE

Anniverſary BIRTH-DAY

Of the Incomparable YOUTH,

Mr. Matthew Bluck,

SON and HEIR

To the Worſhipful

Matthew Bluck, Eſq;

OF

Hunſdon-Houſe in *Hartfordſhire.*

By E. S.

En! *Tibi prima, Puer, nullo manuſcula cultu.* Virgil.

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Spes Hunſdoniana.

JUST as my reſtleſs Mind began to pleaſe,
And ſooth it ſelf with an ignoble Eaſe;
Chuſing a diſtant, lonely, ſtill Retreat,
To think on By-paſt Follies with Regret:
There to lament ſome fled, but gayer Years,
Loſt in few, empty, and amuſing Cares.
With painful Satisfaction I beheld,
Where Youthful Conduct fatally had fail'd:
Whilſt briſker Blood whirl'd through the beating Vein,
And *ſtronger* Pulſe diſcover'd *weaker* Brain;
When heaving Paſſions in mad Tranſports ſwell,
Till *Senſe* 'gainſt Sovereign *Reaſon* dares rebel.

As thus my working Fancy I employ,
From ſad Reflection reaping ſullen Joy;
Bewilder'd Mind, loſt in a Maze of Thought,
Labours in lengthening Labyrinths of Doubt,
Struggles and ſeeks, but finds no Paſſage out;
Till ſecret Shame, as whiſpering from above,
Forbids fantaſtick Images to rove.

This th' Entertainment of obſcure Receſs!
Redeeming Time by penitent Idleneſs!
In lazy Melancholy thus to waſte
Thoſe Hours which might compenſate for the paſt!
Whilſt yonder *DAPHNIS*, Wonder of the Plain,
May juſtly exerciſe each Neighbouring Pen.
Sing, *Strephon*, ſing, or liſten to the Song,
Which His Bright *Genius*, faireſt 'mongſt the Throng
Of Guardian-Angels, ſung that Happy *DAY*,
Which firſt did *DAPHNIS* to the World diſplay.

Auſpicious Morn! with ſmiling Aſpect riſe,
Diffuſing Roſy Joy through bluſhing Skies.
Let radiant Pomp gild gay *Aurora*'s Head,
Whilſt She with Pleaſure views the Teeming *Bed*;
And ſpreads around Salubrious Influence,
Where *DAPHNIS* lies wrapt in Self-Innocence.
See! She deſcends, glittering in Rich Attire,
Attended with a wing'd, Harmonious Choir
Of Vocal Birds, prepar'd to entertain,
In warbling Numbers, ſet to ſofteſt Strain,
The Fair Young Stranger. ——

Heark! In Melodious Accents how they tell
Some old myſterious Tales, but parallel.
Such was the blooming *Babe*, on *Ida*'s Hill,
Whoſe Beauty with Aſtoniſhment did fill
Th' admiring Woods; and made Almighty *Jove*
Submit to taſte the Sweets of Infant-Love.

Nor

Nor cou'd the *Thunderer* boaſt of wiſh'd Succeſs,
With all his Heavenly Courtſhip and Addreſs;
Till in ſurprizing and an uncouth Shape,
His Godhead great prov'd guilty of a Rape.

Nor Fairer *He*, who with ambiguous Face,
Left doubting Mortals at a loſs to gueſs,
Which Sex might challenge *Him*: For prompter Mien,
And firmer Shape, beſpoke Him *Maſculine*;
But ſtill that Eaſy, Soft, Engaging Air,
Wou'd ſeem to rank Him 'mongſt the *Female Fair*.

Oh! had the doting *Youth*, ſo odly vain,
Full of Himſelf, and of unjuſt Diſdain,
Scorning the Make of every Fellow Swain;
Had *He* Young *DAPHNIS* ſeen, He had not ſigh'd,
Nor for the Love of Matchleſs Self had dy'd.

Now to Exalted Sounds their Notes they raiſe,
And wanton in the Joyful *Parents* Praiſe.
Then bleſs the *Dome*, Auguſt and Awful Place,
Aſylum once for *Virtue in Diſtreſs*,
When Suffering Royalty, in proud Content,
Condemn'd to ſuch a Stately Baniſhment;
Could bravely ſcorn the Perſecuting Port,
And Bloody Splendor of a *Siſter*'s Court:

And though at last, invited to a Throne,
By Birth, by Merit, and by Right her own;
Yet as She goes, Tender, Relenting Looks
Hang on the Groves behind, and murmuring Brooks:
Almost averse to leave the harmless Shade,
With earnest Eyes, and lift-up Hands, She said;

Thrice Happy *House!* for ever blest Abode!
Joy and Delight of every Rural God.
How I! when fainting with Seditious Heat,
And dire Intestine Burnings of a State;
How I shall long for thy Refreshing Air,
Gently to cool the Sweats of Princely Care!
Now to express a lasting Gratitude,
For mild Relief of Virgin-Solitude;
Since I'm not born to bless Thee with an *Heir*,
Thus will I pray; Accept a Maiden-Prayer:
Let Heav'n in some Succeeding Ages crown
A Glad Expecting Mother with a *Son*,
Whose Early Springing Infancy may show,
Heav'ns had regard to Chaste *Elisa*'s Vow!

At this the Feather'd Tribe all take the Wing,
In Airy Circles sport, and jointly sing:
All hail! to Great Elisa's *Sacred Name*,
Of never-dying, never-fading Fame:

Kind

Kind Heav'n now grants her parting, Pious Pray'r,
Giving the wiſh'd for, the Bequeathed Heir:
DAPHNIS is HE! ----*Rejoicing Ecchoes own*
Happy Preſages of the New Born Son.

Fain wou'd the bright She-Harbinger of Day,
Prolong a Welcome, Entertaining Stay:
But *Phœbus*, driving on in eager Speed,
(With Azure Cloud veiling her Beauteous Head,)
In complaiſant Diſguiſe, the Goddeſs fled.
Nor can we blame Great *Sol*'s ambitious Haſte,
For preſſing on ſo ſeaſonably faſt:
'Twas all officious, all indulgent Care,
Leſt Morning Damps of uncorrected Air,
Shou'd noxious prove, and blight the opening Joy,
Sprung from the verdant Hopes of budding Boy.

If we miſtake not the Tremendous Nod,
Prophetick Rage poſſeſſes pregnant God.
Decent Diſorder ſits on's beamy Brow,
And looſen'd Locks in careleſs Treſſes flow:
Which comely Wildneſs proves the Deity
Already big with vaſt Futurity:
But lo! at length, his ſolemn Silence breaks:
A Sacred Stilneſs liſtens as he ſpeaks.

Oft

Oft Earthly Crowns have crowded round my Shrine,
With Wealthy Vows oft did mine Altars ſhine:
When I on *Delphick Tripos* mounted ſat,
Revealing hid Cataſtrophe's of State,
My Words rever'd, as were the Words of Fate.
Yet now, unask'd, my Talent I'll employ,
To glad the World with preconceived Joy.

Behold the *Child!* ---all thoughtleſs as He lays,
Wit ſeems to riſe, and ſparkle in his Face.
Nature for once, ſo much has done her part,
He'll need but few Aſſiſtances of *Art*.
His very Make is Muſick; and we ſee
In every Look, conſenting Harmony.
No ſooner now ſhall the conſorting Spheres,
Revolve a Round of Ten returning Years,
Than little *Orpheus* buſy will be found,
Searching the ſecret Charms of powerful Sound.
If He but lightly moves the numerous String,
The willing Inſtrument prepares to ſing:
With Tuneful Touch he ſtrikes the Trembling Lyre,
Whilſt Tender Airs ſollicite Gay Deſire.
Then many a Fair, indulging ſtoln Sighs,
Waſtes with Love's Anguiſh, and unpitied dyes:
Ah! then may many a Nymph expect to mourn,
And in concealed Flames of Paſſion burn;

For *DAPHNIS* yet, nor finds a Lover's Smart,
Nor feels the Faintings of a Yielding Heart.
Stranger to little Frauds of Amorous Guile,
To craving Charm, or ſupplicating Smile,
Does all the tempting Artifice refuſe;
For *DAPHNIS* knows not Miſtreſs, but a Muſe.
Her He perſues: Unwilling She to fly;
His Luſt of Letters longs to gratify.
Warmly He wooes; She's ready to receive,
And a full flowing Fund of Favours give.
Oh! pretty Bliſs; whole Days with her to ſit
In ſome ſelected Room, adorn'd with Wit,
There entertain'd with Richeſt Rarities,
Old *Rome* cou'd ever boaſt, or older *Greece*.

O'rejoy'd the Muſe to ſee Young *DAPHNIS taſte*,
And aptly telling what he fancies beſt.
Now *Lyric* Sweets, now *Epic* he'll admire,
And now Delicious *Drama* will deſire:
He ſometimes too, humouring a different *Senſe*,
Smells at the fragrant Flowers of Eloquence;
Growth of the *Latian*, or *Athenian* Shore,
Gather'd by Publick Patriots of Yore.
Nor yet neglects the *Fruits* of Native Soil,
Preſerv'd by th' eaſy, but Ingenious Toil,
Of Some, whoſe Labours durably Divine,
Proclaim 'em Favourites of the Sacred Nine.

Banqueting ſtill on freſh Variety,
He thus enjoys a Learned Luxury;
Laſting as that Immortalizing Food,
With which old Father *Jove* thinks mighty good,
To feaſt a Brother, or a Couſin-God.
So, Ten Years hence, ſome Muſe will *DAPHNIS* treat,
Adult in Senſe, in Underſtanding *Great*.

Once more, regardful Mortals on that *DAY*,
Rapt in Exulting Gratitude, ſhall ſay,
Convinc'd, we muſt his Oracle confeſs,
Phœbus foretold, and it has prov'd no leſs.

Mark, mighty Time! in peaceful Minutes flee,
Haſte, and accompliſh remote Prophecy.
Wiſhes, e'en now, diſcern at diſtant Ken,
The *Babe* t' augment the Number of the *Men*.

Raviſh'd with preſent Thoughts of Joy to come,
His *Genius* thus anticipates the Doom,
Which you here, *Strephon*, You, conſummate view,
Witneſſing each Prediction amply true.
DAPHNIS, this very *DAY*, begins to excell
In every Grace that *Phœbus* cou'd foretell.
'Tis impious want of Duty to refuſe
The cheaper Tribute of a Thankful Muſe.

Ah!

Ah! unacquainted with Poetick Power,
Strephon can't ſing; but *Strephon* can adore:
And Stranger-like, on lovely *DAPHNIS* gaze,
Whilſt new Perfections ſtill freſh Wonder raiſe.
Hence ſlumbering Souls a Providence will own,
Since, as Reward, th' *Almighty* has beſtown,
On ſuch Deſerving *Parents*, ſuch a *Son*.
Oh, may *He* then, t' improve the Glorious Bliſs,
Send *Them*, and *DAPHNIS*, many a *DAY* like *This*!

FINIS.